

any account, inasmuch as he had been fond of games of chance when she married him, and through her good influence had entirely reformed. That dangerous passion for gambling, which does so much harm in the world, had found an abiding-place with Horace Eversham, and was becoming one of the pernicious influences of his life, when Alice effected a cure which she believed to be permanent.

They had been happy and lark as two children, until Horace came home bringing a fine goose.

"It's for dinner New Year's day," he said, holding up the white-feathered bird at arm's length. "Isn't it a beauty—fat and plump?"

"What will we do with a whole goose?" asked Alice.

"Eat it. My father used to say that a goose was an awkward bird, too much for one, and not enough for two. We'll have a feast if Ellen Jane does her whole duty in her cooking, won't we, though?"

"Its feathers will make a sofa cushion," said Alice, who had a frugal



"IT'S FOR DINNER NEW YEAR'S DAY," HE SAID.

mind. "I'm beginning to get reconciled to the goose."

"It's a noble bird, and its cackling once saved Rome," remarked Horace, sententiously, and then they went together to the kitchen, where the goose was laid on Ellen Jane's spotless white table.

When that functionary saw it, she lifted up both hands:

"Oh, but it is a beauty, missis. An' what a pity that they hed to shoot so faine a burd!"

"Shoot it," echoed Alice, "well, don't they always kill geese that way?"

"No'm, only wan it's at a raffle. I heered me Tom sayin' as Mr. Eversham won it—it's a faine shot he is, I'm told."

A raffle! Alice's heart went down to zero. Her husband shooting birds at a raffle! All her year of faithful precept undone!

"Where was the raffle?" she asked in a voice that she tried to make firm and indifferent.

"At Little Jake's, mum, in the back yard. There was a big crowd of men, an' they do say Mr. Eversham was

the first one out of the lot to hit the burd, and look how nate he did it—that goose, mum, never knew what killed it."

"You needn't cook it," said Alice, "I don't like goose."

"But your husband, 'mum? He would enjoy it since he fetched it down with his own gun. It were banked in the snow, my Tom said, with its head sticking out an' a movin' it as fast as a flash this way an' that, an' everybody that fired at it missed it—"

"That will do," said Mrs. Eversham, and she walked off leaving Jane Ellen staring at the goose.

It was New Year's eve. Alice and Horace were only a few feet apart, in reality, but miles of distance could not have separated them so completely. Horace had tried to explain, but had been instantly silenced.

"No, no. There can be no explanation. You have broken a law of moral obligation. You have broken your promise to me," said Alice.

Tap, tap, went her little foot; there were tears in her voice. Horace felt that he was a criminal, yet if she only would let him explain. He was very angry.

There was a ring at the door bell. The two composed themselves to meet callers. The conventionalities of life must be observed, and no one must know that they had quarreled. But it was only a boy with a note, and a package for Mrs. Eversham.

It was the dressing-gown from the bazar. The chance taken for Alice had drawn it. Alice did not look upon it with horror. On the contrary, she could not conceal her delight at having won it. But she said coldly as she handed the handsome garment to Horace:

"Your New Year's present. I hope it will fit."

"Thank you very much," said Horace, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "but I thought we were not to give each other presents this year."

"Why, there's the goose?"

"Oh, that only cost half a dollar—and we must eat."

"This cost only twenty-five cents. I won it in a chance at our church bazar."

Horace threw back his head and laughed immoderately.

"My dear little wife," he asked when he could get his breath, "do you know the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee?"

"I hope I know the difference between an entertainment designed for charity under the auspices of the church and a low raffle with no other object—"

"A charity, my dear; you wouldn't let me explain, but the raffle was to obtain money for the benefit of a poor family—"

"Name the family," commanded Alice, who did not believe her husband was telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"The Limpskeys, a poor family who have recently come here."

"Why, they are the same people for whom we got up the bazar."

"And for whom I helped raffle off the

goose."

"It's the principle!" said Alice, "it is demoralizing."

"But, my dear, it seems to me the principle is the same whether it's in the church or the saloon. It is to get something for nothing. I got the goose—you got a dressing-gown, which, as it does not cost anything, you kindly donate to me."

It was late, and a merry peal of bells rang out the anthem of the New Year. The two fell into each other's arms.

"Send the goose to the Limpskeys," said Horace.

"And the dressing-gown, too," said Alice, with half a sigh.

"And when we want to do a charitable act, let us give from our own means."

"Spoken like a dean! The best principle in giving is that of sacrifice. We



"YOUR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT," SAID ALICE.

won't make any resolutions, but we'll try to live up to our knowledge of what is right and true. You don't care for the goose?"

"Yes, I do very much. It would make such good eating stuffed with sage and onions, and served with apple sauce."

"So much the greater sacrifice if you give it up. And you know that dressing gown would fit you elegantly, but old Mr. Limpskey is ragged and needs it more."

"He shall have it. And we will begin the New Year poor but honest."

Then those two young people kissed and made up, while the bell rang out the want, the care, the sin, rang in the love of truth and right, and the Limpskeys were the happier for the application of that often misinterpreted text to do evil that good may come.

#### Satisfying Him.

"I have called," said the captious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the New Year as a nude small boy."

"That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."

Then the captious critic went out and broke his nice new pledge.—*Indianapolis Journal.*